

"Are All Men Alike?"

By Arthur Stringer.

AUTHOR OF "THE PRAIRIE WIFE," "THE HOUSE OF INTRIGUE," ETC.
ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B. JOHNSTONE.

GERRY WEST GETS BUSY AND TEDDIE WRITES A CHECK.

TEDDIE recoiled three full steps, and stood with her arms straight at her sides and a black rage in her eyes.

Gerry's own hands had dropped to his side, and his head fell forward, for all the world like a chrysanthemum that needed watering.

"O-o-o-o-o-o!" gasped Teddie, with the most unmistakable accents of loathing and anger in her voice. "Are all men like that?"

"Wait!" called out Gerry, unhappily, pleadingly.

But Teddie had no intention of waiting. She withered him with one short look of revulsion, of utter repudiation, wheeled about, and strode out of the office.

She went, leaving behind her a blue-fox canteen muff and a much bluer young attorney, who for quite a number of minutes stood staring morose and motionless out over the East River.

He contemplated that wharf-fringed waterway very much as though he should like to take a header down into it. Then, as he slowly and dejectedly turned about, his eyes fell on the forgotten muff.

He crossed to his desk and took the furry pillow up in his hands, turning it over and over. He meditatively stroked the deep felt, sniffed at it, started for the door, and as suddenly stopped.

Then he quietly removed two tennis racquets and a box of golf balls wrapped in a llama wool sweater-coat from the bottom drawer of his desk and into this same drawer carefully tucked away the blue-fox muff—after which he stood, irresolute and unmoving, for another full five minutes.

Then Gerry West, as though to make up for lost time, exploded into a sudden fury of movement.

He punched the buzzer-button for his stenographer, jerked down the messenger-call lever and caught up the telephone directory with one hand while he possessed himself of the receiver with the other.

"I'll show 'em," he muttered darkly to himself. "I'll show 'em they can't pull that cave-man stuff around my home circle!"

And in half an hour's time he had an ex-pool-roomer from a private detective agency busy shadowing Gunboat Dorgan, and another quiet-moving agent gathering what data he could as to the physical disabilities of Raoul Uhlman, and an expeditionary clerk from the outer office confirming the address and movements of a certain Miss Ruby Reamer.

Then, having started these wheels into motion, he hurriedly looked up a point or two of law, consulted his watch, and called up Louis Lipsett of the Star at the Press Club.

"Louis," he said over the wire, "I've got a great news story for you."

"Good!" promptly announced the other.

"Yes, it's so good, in fact, that you've got to come and help me kill it in the bud."

"Then let me suggest that what you want isn't a reporter, but an under-taker," retorted the unfeeling young White Hope of his over-miffed daily.

"No, I want you, Louis, and I want you quick," Gerry coolly averred. "So come over here in a taxi and let me unload."

Louis came, and smoked Gerry's good cigars, and listened, with a true reporter's pang of regret.

"Now, the one thing that Avenue-robin Uhlman can't stand, the one thing he doesn't want, in all this, is printer's ink," Gerry West wound up. "So it's up to us to give him what he's afraid of. It's up to us to hold a full page Sunday story over his fat head."

"I want you to go right up to him as a reporter from the Star, with every detail I've given you. I want you to let him see just what it'll look like when it's unrolled, the entire unsavory story."

"And if he isn't sending a hurry-call in for the sofa bed before you're out of the elevator I'll buy the Star and give it to you to play with when you've got writer's cramp in the coco."

"And supposing our Romeo doesn't weaken?"

"He can't help it. But if he's crazy enough not to, I'll bring Gunboat Dorgan up there myself. And if that doesn't turn the trick, I'll call the rotter out myself and give him what he deserves. And if that doesn't work, I'll put a bullet into him!"

The man from the Star office smiled a bit wearily.

"Say, Gerry, doesn't this strike you as going pretty far for a mere client?"

"A mere client," echoed the other. "A mere client!" he repeated as he looked his confederate straight in the eye. "She's a damned sight more than that. She's the girl, please God, that I'm going to marry!"

"So at last I get you," announced the solemn-eyed Louis as he reached over the desk-end and solemnly shook hands with the other man. "And now I'll know how to put the screws to that palette-scraper!"

"Then let's get busy," suggested Gerry as he reached for his hat and coat, after a moment's talk over the wire. "They've got that Reamer girl for me, and the sooner we have our pow-wow the better!"

Teddie was beginning to see, as she felt seismic undulations in what she had so foolishly accepted as bedrock, that her home-life had perhaps stood for more than she imagined.

It had meant not an accidental but an elaborately sustained dignity, a harboring seclusion, an achieved though cluttered-up spaciousness where the wheels of existence revolved on bearings so polished that one was apt to forget their power.

When she left Gerald West's office

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

THEODORA (TEDDIE) HAYDEN, a "poor little rich girl," seeks "freedom" in Greenwich Village. Her

UNCLE CHANDLER, "the major," before leaving for Hot Springs, goes to see her, telling his old chum,

COMMODORE STILLMAN, that she is "too pretty to be running around loose." Her uncle is forced to be satisfied with her independent attitude.

RAOUL UHLMAN, a portrait painter, forces his attentions on Teddie and kisses her. To punish him she asks

GUNBOAT DORGAN, a prizefighter, to beat him, which Dorgan does. Dorgan thereupon also kisses her and assumes rights over her roadster, much to the annoyance of

RUBY REAMER, a model, who threatens Teddie with "the law," because Dorgan has apparently thrown her over.

ATTORNEY SHOTWELL, representing Raoul Uhlman, calls to demand \$25,000 for his client for the beating. So Teddie calls on

GERRY WEST, one of her own set, a childhood playmate, now a lawyer. She tells her story, whereupon Gerry also kisses her.



"O-O-O-O-O-O," GASPED TEDDIE, "ARE ALL MEN LIKE THAT?"

she left behind her more than a blue-fox canteen muff. She left the last of her confidence in life, the last of her belief in mankind. She found herself compelled to face a world that seemed too big and brutal for even the valorous spirit of youth.

And after a vast amount of frantic and quite fruitless thinking she also found herself compelled to rest. It had tired her out and baffled her, and broken down both her will power and her pride.

Much as she hated to do it, she felt that her only way out was to compromise with Raoul Uhlman. Right or wrong, she would pay the man's claim and get the thing over with.

A quick assessment of her immediate means, however, showed her that she had little more than half-enough money to meet his demand.

So she promptly stepped in at the Waldorf telegraph desk and sent a message to her Uncle Chandler at Hot Springs:

"Please wire my banker," she said, "eleven thousand dollars without delay or foolish questions, as it is urgent. Lovingly, Thea."

Her Uncle Chandler, after frowning for a full hour over this unexpected message, none too willingly wired instructions for eleven thousand dollars to be placed to the credit of his niece.

Then, after still another hour of troubled thought, he sent a day-letter to the Commodore Stillman at the Natatorium Club explaining that he had reason to believe that

Theodora was in some sort of trouble and requesting him to drop quietly down to the girl's studio and have a look around to see just what was wrong.

And the Commodore in question, instead of being upset by this calamitous intimation of beauty in distress, adjusted his cravat and stopped in at Thorley's for the insertion of a Richmond roadster in the buttonhole of his right-hand lapel.

Then he toddled blithely down to the wilds of Greenwich Village, where he arrived at Teddie's old studio just in time to see an urban old gentleman pocket, with an air of quiet but unqualified satisfaction, a narrow slip of paper which looked remarkably like a bank check.

The Commodore stood aside, however, until this triumphant-eyed old gentleman had bowed himself triumphantly out, whereupon it came to his attention that his somewhat abstracted young hostess remained undeniably divorced from the customary buoyancies of youth.

He was so impressed, in fact, by the shadows of fatigue about Teddie's starry eyes and the world-weariness in her forlorn little smile that he concluded the gravest fears of his old friend the Major to be quite well founded.

But Teddie, accepting him as an emissary from a world of pomp and order which had seemed eternally lost to her, was glad enough to enounce him in the brown-velvet arm chair and make tea for him in the battered old samovar. It was not particularly

Commodore, "but some older and steeper man who knows the world and its ways, a man to be relied on in times of trouble, a man who'd be a harbor of refuge, when the seas got to kicking up a bit!"

But this didn't seem to impress Teddie as he had hoped it would. "I've seen all I want of men," she announced with unexpected passion. "I despise them, the whole pack of them!"

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(Gunboat Dorgan demands an explanation—see to-morrow's installment.)

Reel Reviews

By IK SHUMAN

"A FOOL THERE WAS."

Kipling again has "inspired" a movie, his poem, "The Vampire," being so credited on the Strand programme and quoted in William Fox's film's titles as an adaptation of Porter Emerson Browne's play, "A Fool There Was."

Therefore a vampire figures in the film; but, now that we've read a little Freud and much Hergeshelmer, we take our vamps with a grain of salt. Paprika isn't enough. "A Fool There Was" is hard to swallow.

Not that Mr. Browne and Emmett J. Flynn, the director, haven't given us a story, but somehow they have failed to show satisfactorily why Lewis Stone as John Schuyler left home, and that at once, for even as good-looking a siren as the one played by Estelle Taylor, John's defection was too sudden and too complete. We'd have believed it more readily if we had been told at least that John didn't like the pattern of the rug chosen by his wife and if we hadn't been shown he was happy with his wife and their children.

Of course, John Schuyler isn't the man we thought he was; but the people who made this movie shouldn't have misled us. Anybody who could sleep as soundly as John did when the vamp began vamping wouldn't desert home, wife, children, business and friends and then die because of a woman—any woman, even though the consequences of vamping is progressive. Something else affecting John caused all that, his death any way. It may have been the wages of sin, but somehow we suspect the adapters and the censors as accessories before and after the fact.

"A Fool There Was," foolish as he was, isn't reasonable.

"THE MAN UNCONQUERABLE."

Now, on the other hand, "The Man Unconquerable," featuring Jack Holt, at the Rivoli, is one of our ideas of a reasonable picture, although we don't believe there is such a man.

Holt as Robert Kendall, who inherits a pearl fishery in the China Sea, meets a pretty girl. There is no other girl thereabouts so he falls in love with her, but he acts rationally.

He attends to business, which in this instance is fighting gloriously with beachcombers, pearl poachers, native policemen, silk secretaries and other undesirables. Even when the girl, who is Sylvia Bremer as Rita Durand, daughter of Kendall's business rival, thinks he has stolen the pearls and killed her father he continues to behave normally. His character as a scrapper has been established.

The establishment of character, it seems, ought to be worth the attention of movie directors. When we saw Jack Holt licking a roomful of roughnecks single-handed, proving just a moment later that he didn't steal the rose-colored pearls and kill old man Durand, and then taking Rita for good if not for all in his arms, we believed it.

But a revival of her old spirit of independence nipped this impulse in the bud, so she merely gave the Commodore another cup of tea and somewhat pensively asked if the autumn ball at Tuxedo had been a success this year.

Whereupon the old Commodore admitted that it had been a success, if you could call such things a success.

But they weren't like the good old days of the Patriarchs and the Assemblies and The Howling Swells. The spirit of the times had changed, had lamentably changed, and the relationship of the sexes in the younger generation seemed disturbing to the survivors of the older era when a lady was accepted as a lady and treated as one.

And from this diatribe on the degeneration of the present day Teddie the old counsellor glided easily and eloquently into the subject of early marriage and adequate guardianship. Every girl of spirit ought to marry.

Even Teddie herself, he finally ventured, ought to marry.

"No young whippersnapper, mind you," discreetly qualified the old

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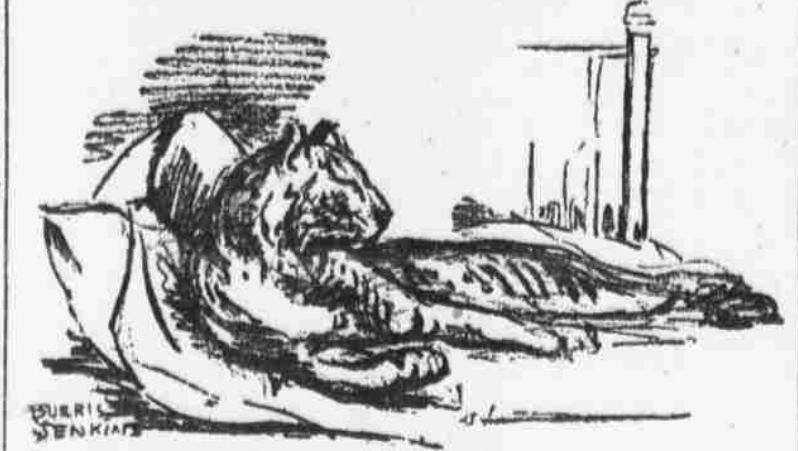
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Four-Foot Tiger Cub Shares Room Of Oil Man, Guest at McAlpin

"Perfectly Tamed," Says Owner, Swinging Feline by Tail, but Animal Makes Visitors Nervous.



GATICO AT THE McALPIN.

It's a far cry—or, rather, under the circumstances, a far growl—from a fair 600 miles in the interior of the Republic of Colombia, South America, to a suite of rooms at the McAlpin Hotel. But that is the experience of Gatico, the sixteen months' old tiger cub at present sharing her rooms with her master, James B. Ballinger of Denver.

Clean, white counterpanes and the cool sheets and pillow cases of civilization now constitute the den for Gatico's lithe body, though still in her eyes, if the occasional faint sparks and glitters mean anything, lingering reflection of silent, sun-spangled haunts in an equatorial jungle.

A stranger entered the rooms of Mr. Ballinger and his room-mate yesterday. The stranger stopped on the threshold when a yellow and black velvet creature, four feet long from tip to tail, suddenly bounded like a released spring from the foot of the nearest bed and dropped without a sound to the carpet. A pair of wide, gleaming eyes stared at the newcomer, then narrowed to long slits as Gatico indulged a prodigious and impatient yawn, which displayed numerous knife-like teeth in an expanse of red mouth.

"Don't be afraid, she's perfectly tamed," came from Mr. Ballinger as he arose from the other bed, where he has been confined for a few days

with a tropical fever. "Come here, honey, you little devil," and Gatico's master picked her up by the tail and swung her onto the bed. "You can't do that with an ordinary feline," he added, with a smile. The visitor agreed hastily, for the experiment would be repeated.

Mr. Ballinger, a typical young Richard Harding Davis soldier of fortune, is a "production man" with the Tropical Oil Company of Toronto, Can. He arrived in New York on business last Thursday from a year's investigation of oil fields in the country where Gatico was born.

"How did I get Gatico?" he repeated as the tiger cat, now beside him on the bed playfully chewed at his fingers or stockinged feet, or pawed—with claws mercifully retracted, as the master pointed out—at his clothing. "Well, her mother was killed by a native right near the house which is only twenty feet from

the jungle. I've forgotten just the circumstances. We kill these animals all the time down there when they get too close for comfort and get to stealing the chickens or live stock. Yes, they could probably kill a man if he was unarmed.

"I think, though, her mother, who was about six feet from nose to tip of tail, was killed with a machete, one of these long knives." He reached over to a table and pulled from its leather case a blue steel blade a foot and a half long. "Gatico's mother got her cubs too near the trail and the natives had a set-to with her which resulted in the two cubs, a month old, being brought into camp.

"Instead of killing them, I agreed to keep one and try to raise it for a pet. We sent the other, Gatico's brother, to the Salt Lake Zoo, where he is now. He is twice as big as Gatico (the Spanish for kitten), because I stunted her growth. Of course we had to feed them milk from a bottle for a while, and I always put a spoonful of rum in Gatico's bottle. This kept her sick for several months, resulting in her underdevelopment. I knew if I didn't attend her I could never keep her with me at home or travelling around.

"The memory of that rum still lingers with her. She hates it. A smell of it sets her wild. She'd make a good hooch-hound for Prohibition agents, all right."

Gatico weighs about fifty pounds, but Mr. Ballinger expects her to grow a good deal more. According to him, she is not actually a tiger. Her coloring is more like a leopard's—spotted. They spell her breed "tigre," Ballinger says. She is built heavy in the haunches, her forelegs shorter than the ordinary cat's, her neck long. This is for springing from long distances, her master stated. Her eyes are one minute wide with a wild kind of brilliance, the next narrowed to thin openings.

"I never heard of one being tamed before," Ballinger continued, "but she makes a good pet and is as gentle as a lamb." At this moment Gatico, who had been purring in a low, guttural note as her master stroked her, became restless. "She's still tired from the long trip," said her master, eyeing her closely. Then Gatico gave a quick whirl and bit at her master's shirt a little too viciously. Whack! Ballinger's hand slapped her nose and she quieted immediately. "Lie down there!" he ordered. "Whenever she

cuts up, a slap on the nose reminds her she's not still in the jungle.

"She was fifteen days on the boat and I had to give her a bath. So I brought her up here and put her in the tub. When the manager of the hotel heard I was giving a tiger a bath in one of his tubs he came up here with the house detective and everybody. But when he saw Gatico he was so pleased with her manners that he let her stay in the room."

During the conversation Gatico dropped from the bed and came over to the visitor. "She's a great judge of human character," Ballinger was saying. "There was a crook on the boat and she spotted him immediately. Hereupon Gatico gave the visitor what appeared to him to be a look and slid around his knees, then leaped easily to his lap, reared on her haunches and placed her paws in a flash on the side of his chin.

Her master only laughed. "Don't jump. That shows she likes you. She won't bite you, and if she does hit her on the nose, she won't do it again." But the visitor was given to watch her from a distance. He had the feeling that Gatico's powers of judging character might not be overstated. She slipped to the floor and began pawing at the half of a kasha gourd which serves as her katie. She also has a catnip ball, of which she is inordinately fond.

"She can open any door in these rooms from either side," Ballinger said in praising her. "And she can take off any collar by putting a half-nelson on herself. I have to keep her in a harness. But she's so tame I really don't need one," he repeated as the visitor backed out of the room.

BROKEN CHAIN GIVES HACKENSACK CARLOAD OF COAL

Hackensack's danger of coal famine was lessened by one full car load last night when a chain on a Susquehanna Railroad car broke and dumped its load on the Main Street crossing.

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